
Title: Jaana and the Goblin: 1

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Virtue of Justice, and
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or three times in a year.

Now it happened that one
of the larger towns in
this region — a walled
mountain fortress —
was engaged in a fierce
and ongoing battle with a
tribe of goblins that lived
in those parts. The
object of this contention
was the control and
security of a nearby
mountain pass, which
brought trade to the
humans and plunder to
the goblins. The chief
engine of this conflict's
continuance was a goblin
chieftain of exceptional
wit and ambition, who for
years bedeviled all
humans
who passed through his
territory.

One day it came to pass
that a patrol of men

from the town happened
upon a small band of
lightly armed goblins,
whom they immediately
engaged and quickly
vanquished. Much to
their
surprise and delight, at
the end of the battle
they discovered that very
chief of the goblins who
was the source of all
their tribulations, still
living and helpless in
their
custody.

They bore their captive
back to town amidst
great rejoicing, for they
knew that without their
leader the goblins of the
mountains must soon fall,
and the pass would once
again be safe and in
civilized hands. So when
the goblin chief was
brought to their town,
the people immediately
commenced a great
feast,
where much food was
consumed, and far more
strong mountain liquor
than food.

Amidst all the revelry,
the chief topic of
discussion was how to
best dispose of the
captive enemy of the
people, and as the
impromptu festival
continued, the plots for
the goblin's demise
became
ever more elaborate and
impractical.

It was in such a mood
that Jaana the Druid was
seen approaching the
town. And certain wags
took it into their heads
that it would be greatly
amusing to set their
bestial captive to a
civilized trial, and

execute
him formally under the
King's justice. And thus
before Jaana even
reached the gates of the
town, it was determined
so to do.

When Jaana arrived she
was immediately
confronted by a grinning
and redolent mob, which
informed her with slurred
mock solemnity that a
notorious murderer had
been captured, and was
to be brought to Justice
before her.

Jaana found it a bit
annoying that while the
entire town was
obviously
far-gone in merriment,
she was being asked to
mete out high Justice
before she was even
offered a cooling mug of
small beer. Nonetheless,
she singled out a
townsman who seemed
more in possession of
his
facilities than his
compatriots, and pressed
him for a summary of
the case.

When she had learned
the
nature of the case Jaana
tried to dissuade the
people, saying, "Look
you,
there is no call here for
the King's Justice. This
creature was taken in
war, and war is governed
by Honor and Valor, but
Justice has no part in it.

Had you killed your
enemy
in battle, that would have
been an Honorable deed.
Even now if your city
fathers choose to put
him to death on their
own recognizance, that

would be an act of
Compassion, for it would
secure the safety of
travelers, and the
children
of this town. Do what
you wilt, and I will tell
you if your course is
lawful and Just, but
there is no need for any
trial of this creature,
and I will not demean my
station by holding one."
Some were moved by the
sense of Jaana's words,
but many others, addled
by drink, were incensed
to be deprived of the
sport of a trial.

And
some young
rabble-rousers
in the town made it their
business to put it about
that Jaana was refusing
their community their
lawful right to protection
under the King's Justice.
Therefore, only a few
minutes after her first
statement, Jaana was
again confronted by...